

July 10, 1962

# HISTORY OF Perry North

to and written by  
as told by his daughter,  
Betty Lee North Ogilvie.

To begin this history of my father, I should like to say that he and Mother are now living in their home at 56 West First South, Heber City, Utah, Wasatch Co. They are both in pretty good health, enjoying life from day to day and able to take care of themselves. He still has a keen sense of humor and enjoys the young children. He has always loved to make a fuss over little children and they in turn love him. LaPreal's children all call him, Daddy Perry, and the rest of the grandchildren call him, Poppa,. On his last birthday he was 85 years old. He enjoys visting with his friends and relatives who accasionally drop in. He is very deaf and is loosing his sight, but stillm,akes the effort to be a part of everything going on. He walks to town at least once every day. People who do not know would think him a man much younger, because of his neat appearance, quick step and independence in doing everything for himself.

My father, Perry Davies North, was born May 19, 1877 in a large farm house about about half way between Midway and Charleston, Wasatch County Utah. His Father, Hyrum Bennett North maintained two families, each large, and they grew up under the principles of Polygomy. They lived together for many years and then in separate houses, which were built close together, It was not an easy life. His mother was a small Welch girl who had immigrated to Mill Creek, Salt lake Co. Utah, with her mother and father, John Rutherick and Mary Miles Davies, arriving Oct 15, 1861. Her name was Leah Rebecca Davies. He was the eleventh child in a family of thirteen.

Polygamy was finally prhibited when the Manifesto was issued and his father and grandfather, Levi North were both sent to prison. They each served six months from Feburary to August of 1887 charged with unlawful cohabitation. Perry can remember his mother taking him to the prison to visit his father.

At this time he stayed in the Salt Lake Valley and made his home with his Grandpa and Grandma Davies.

After serving their six months Hyrum and Levi returned home but they could not legally claim their second wives, so they built second homes and continued to love and support them.

One of Perrys, first recollections happened when he was three years old; he very vividly remembers going to bed with his mother and when he awoke in the morning he found himself, to his amazement, in another bed and a new baby in the bed with his mother. The baby was his younger sister, Eunice.

Perry was young when he went to live with his Grandfather and Grandmother Davies. He lived with them until the death of his Grandmother. Afterwards his Grandfather went to live with another old Welch couple, who had immigrated hene with them. They were related to Grandpa Davies some way, probably cousins. Fathers, mother had only one living brother, Thomas, and he never came to this country to live, nor did he ever join the Latter-Day-Saint religion. It seems logical that his grandparents had the desire to have one of their grandchildren with them to love and perhaps help with some of the chores.

They lived on a small 12 acre farm they had purchased when they arrived in the valley. It was completely surrounded until you could not see the fence, with black and yellow currants bushes. Every day, very early in the morning, his grandmother and he would pick currants, until time to fix his grandfathers breakfast. She would pick black and he yellow or vice-versa until they had enough to sell on the market. After breakfast and the morning chores were comple, they would sit under a bowery that grandpa had built behind the house and clean the currants. Sometimes the task was interrupted to enjoy some of the root beer from the cellar beneath, that grandma had made. Perry used to whistle and Grandpa <sup>w</sup>ould think it irritating but whenever he would say anything about it Grandma would say, "Let him alone--it's better to hear him whistle than whine." They were very sweet and kind people and fondly called him "Laddie Boy." On their farm they raised lots of chickens and kept two cows and a pig and one old mare. Each year they raised a colt from this fine spirited mare. They raised the vegetables they needed and what grain and hay they needed for the animals. They lived quite comfortably for those days. Both were very energetic. They lived in a little low two room adobe house with a lean-to attached to the rear.

Each Saturday was, Market Day, a custom they had brought with them from Wales. It took all day to go to Salt Lake and return. They would hitch the horse to a heavy style buggy and fill it with the currants, butter and eggs and whatever else they had ready to trade for goods in town. When they reached town, Dad would take them to their place of business then it was his job to take the old mare to the Kimball Livery Stable and feed and water and take care of her until time for the return trip. It was here that he became acquainted with the Kimball brothers, who later played an important part in his life.

Sunday was a day of rest--strictly observed. Nobody worked on the Sabbath. Everyone faithfully attended services on this day. Father treasured, all of his life, the attendance cards he received for attendance at his meetings. He was baptized 6 May 1886, in a canal in Mill Creek Ward, while he was living there with his grandparents. He was baptized by Bishop Hamilton and confirmed by Ollie Lemmon. He was ordained an Elder by Pres. Wilford Woodruff. He received his patriarchal blessing 13 Feb 19 in Charleston Ward, by Patriarch William Daybell. It prophesied that he would see "wonders flying in the heavens and that he would dig treasures from the earth." He feels satisfied that truly it has been fulfilled. The advent of the miracles of modern science--such as the huge planes and the rockets justifies the first prophesy in his mind and the attached dream referring to the Standard Works of the church or the Gospel in it's fullness would surely be "the treasures from the earth."

His childhood was spent in the vicinity of 3900 South and 900 East, Salt Lake. The lot on the northeast corner of this intersection in Salt Lake City is where Grandpa and Grandma Davies' home and 12 acres were located. The home of his other grandparents, Levi and Armenta Howard North, was close by and he visited them often. Much of his time was spent playing with his cousins, Uncle Levis children. Most of the time Clarence North, who was near his own age. He received nearly all of the education he had while living there; at a school located very near Hyland Drive at about the same location south. His grandparents paid a dollar and a half a month to the school teacher. However, he did attend school in the old town hall at Charleston for some time.

It was at this school in Charleston that a rather amusing incident occurred. His teacher, a bachelor, who was living alone, stole a pound of butter from the Charleston Co-Op. The owner observed his action and saw to it that he was sent be-

fore the Justice of the Peace and made to pay for the butter. It being a rather small item, it was humiliating to him that this action was taken. All of the boys were keenly aware of the situation and as boys so often do, could not let well enough alone. Dad along with two of his friends arrived early at the school the next morning and with their best penmanship wrote "BUTTER-\$3.00 A POUND", plainly across the blackboard. It was a red-faced teacher who, in front of his entire giggling class, was forced to erase his price for the butter.

At the death of his grandmother; rather than go back home to Midway, Father was left to take care of himself and so at the age of twelve, he found employment with the Kimball Brothers, who owned the Livery Stable. In addition to the one in Salt Lake they also owned one in Park City and operated the Overland Stage between the two stations every other day. They let him do odd jobs in the stables and took him in to live with them at their home.

Lawrence Kimball, who had befriended him, owned a very beautiful white saddle horse named 'Snap', which was his favorite horse. Father found that he admired this horse more than anything else he had ever known. Because Mr. Kimball preferred this horse to all the others, Father found himself grooming, washing, feeding and caring for the animal more than really necessary, because he too admired it and it was necessary to have it in riding condition for Mr. Kimball at all times. Mr. Kimball noticed Father's interest and attention to his horse and without saying anything brought another white horse home with him from one of his many trips to the desert, to acquire wild horses. However, this horse was quite different from his beautiful 'Snap'. In direct contrast, this animal was very poor, hadn't shed his coat, had burrs in his tail, and in general was a dejected looking sight. He told Father that if he could do anything with this horse he could have him for as long as he lived and worked for him. And so, Father actually with tears in his eyes, considering the immensity of the task and possible the futurity of it, but pleased with the opportunity to try, built him a shed on the south side of the livery stable and with every spare moment he could find and with devotion that only the young know, he combed and curried and fed and watered this horse to perfection. He called him "Snowball" and at the end of two years he was the handsomest of the two horses.

Here at Kimball's Livery Stable his love for well cared for and beautiful horses began. Above all other, I think he admired the perfectly groomed and matched team of white horses. Never has he lost his admiration and devotion for them. Always he has called them the closest animal to being human. This love inspired a poem, which on the 5 July 1910, while working a night shift at Park City, Utah, he wrote down and entered in a contest. There were seven hundred entries and it won first prize--a twenty dollar gold piece. Recently, on a local television show, I was surprised to hear the poem just as simple and beautiful as it was written. I will include it here:

#### A PRAYER OF A HORSE

Park City, Utah  
July 15, 1910

by Perry North

To thee my master I offer my prayer  
Feed me, water and care for me, and when the  
days work is done, provide me with  
shelter, a clean dry bed and a stall wide  
enough for me to lie down in comfort.

A

Talk to me--your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Pet me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat or kick me when I do not understand what you mean, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me and if I fail to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet. Examine my teeth when I do not eat. I may have an ulcerated tooth and that, you know is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitos by cutting my tail. And finally, O my master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve or freeze, or sell me to some cruel owner to be slavely tortured and starved to death. But do thou, my master take my life in the kindest way and your God will reward you here and hereafter you may not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him, who was born in a manger.

Amen.

While working at the livery stable, a certain minister came and ordered a team of white horses to pull the hearse for some dignitary who had died. Until this time, it had been the custom to use only black in funeral processions. Father was asked to drive this team of horses. This was the first time white horses had ever been used in a funeral procession in Utah and I suppose it excited many comments.

In 1894 at the age of seventeen, Dad was put on the Overland Stage, driving four horses to Park City and back every day. He would drive to the old Salt Lake Hotel to pick up the passengers and the mail bags. The narrow gauge railroad was running then but many people were afraid to ride it and still preferred to go by stage. At this time one dollar a day and board was top wages. At Park City he would stay all night at the home of Bob Kimball and make his return trip to Salt Lake the following day. After about one year the stages were discontinued, this being the last commercial line in Utah. Dad drove the very last coach.

Bro. Kimball had a government contract to deliver the mail to Brighton, Utah and after one summer of driving the Overland Stage, Father accepted the position from Mr. Kimball at Park City, driving tourists and mail from Park City to Brighton during the three summer months (June, July and August). From then until the roads were closed with snow, he would carry supplies such as coal and flour and staple goods to the prospectors, who stayed at the old Brighton Hotel all winter. After the roads were impassable, every two weeks he would ride as far as the Comstock on horseback and then snowshoe and ski over the summit until the weather broke in the spring.

It was on one of these occasions that he became hopelessly lost and the snow being so deep he was very fortunate to locate the telephone line; the only landmark left uncovered that was familiar to him and finally find his way and survive.

When Perry was young he loved to dance. They mostly square danced in those days. He was a very graceful partner to waltz with. On several occasions he and his partner have taken the prize for the best ballroom waltz. He also liked to play baseball. He belonged to teams from both Midway and Charleston- playing first baseman.

He continued to work for Kimball Brothers until after his marriage in the Salt Lake Temple on March 17, 1898 to Cynthia Bronson from Midway, Utah. She was the daughter of Everice Ruthven and Clarisa Van Wagner Bronson.

He worked for about a year hauling milk from Midway to Heber, to Center Creek, down through Daniels, to the mouth of Provo Canyon, then back to the creamery at Charleston

*They made their home in Midway and to them were born three children.* Perry Eugene (Gene) born 21 Dec. 1898, Clara LaPreal born 2 Oct. 1905, and Edwin born 19 Aug 1913, who died an hour after birth.

Cynthia was a very neat clean housekeeper and a beautiful seamstress. She made many quilts and had a great deal of handiwork which was passed on to her loved ones after her death. In the meantime Perry had changed work again and was working at the Snake Creek Tunnel as an outside man tending the mules and the change room. It was while he was here in January of 1915 that they came to get him because Cynthia had taken seriously ill and he was barely able to reach home before she passed <sup>away</sup> early in the morning of the 11 January 1915; during her fourth pregnancy. It was a sad experience. After the funeral the snow was so deep and it was so cold that they had to keep her body for three days before they could break a road to the cemetery in Midway to bury her.

'Preal' as Dad fondly called her, went to live with Grandmother and Grandfather Bronson; as she was only 9 years old. Gene went off by himself to get work. He met and married Alice Pendray and they settled in Eureka, Utah. To Gene and Alice were born two boys, Alfred Eugene and Howard Edmond and one girl, Catherine May, who died at the age of twelve. She was followed in death by her father on the 27th of March 1944. LaPreal grew to maturity with her grandparents and a cousin, whom they also reared. She was married to James Lindsay Barnes 2 Oct 1921 in Coalville, Summit Co. Utah, and they became the parents of ten children, nine of whom are living. Tommy died 17 January 1951 at the age of ten. Their first children were twin boys, Perry James and John Eugene, Bessie Cynthia followed closely and then Ruby Mae, Clara Patsy, Joseph North, Thomas Reed, Janet Luann, Lucille Doris and Lawna. LaPreal, like her mother, was very ill at the time Lawna was born but survived to raise her family.

After the death of his wife it was a difficult time for Father. Concern for his family, broken and scattered must have worried him a great deal. At one time he found himself in Silver City, Utah working underground in a mine, the only time he ever did this in his life. He went to Idaho, mostly around Lincoln, where there were lots of sugar beets grown. He occupied himself building shacks for the workers. He and a friend Alvey Riches came to Salt Lake for the State Fair. While there he ran into George B. And Pheba Ritchie Wright and their daughters Lula and Ruby. They offered him a ride to Charleston to see his mother, who lived next door to them. During this time Father and Mother became well acquainted, he being captivated from the very first

by her long bright red hair. He was unable to return to Idaho at that time because the Flu epidemic was bad and many people were quarantined. His father Hyrum B. North had died 28 May 1915, soon after the death of Cynthia, and so after his return from Idaho he spent some time with his mother, who before long, was also called to join her husband on 20 Dec. 1920.

He owned a very nice single horse rig with a top which was the envy of every young man around. The buggy was a shiny new black and an elegant brown horse called 'Dime' (because of the star in her forehead) pulled him everywhere he went. By this time he and Mother went to entertainments all over the county. After their marriage Dad said he never worried about anywhere Mother went with Dime, she was a very trusty horse--she held her head high and erect and was a pretty sight to see.

They were married 14 Dec. 1921 in the Salt Lake Temple. They rented a house in Charleston, where their first child was born, a boy, Max D. on 25 April 1923. Then Dad sold a small farm ~~that~~ he owned in Midway and bought Mother's Grandma Wright's fifteen acre farm in Charleston. Another boy, Barton P. was born in this house on the 14, July 1925, followed by a girl, Betty Lue on the 12 Sept. 1928.

They lived and farmed this place until during the depression in 1936, it was lost. He felt defeated and for the remainder of his life was never able to obtain another farm. He was in his late fifties at this time. By sheer perseverance and determination once again he started over to provide for a young family. By fall he had purchased an acre of ground and built a small home on it. From this time on he worked at different jobs, mostly carpentry work, at which he was very capable. He worked in Heber for a long time and many nights he would walk the five miles from Heber home after working all day. Dad never learned to drive a car. He was an excellent gardener. Straight neat rows, carefully weeded, which yielded firm beautiful vegetables. The family always looked forward to his new peas and potatoes for the Fourth of July, an early treat for the high mountain valley.

In 1946 the Deer Creek Reservoir purchased the home he had built in Charleston and he bought a building lot in Heber where he immediately began building again. This time he built a lovely red brick house--a fitting monument to a man 69 years old.

He was justly proud of. Here he spent the remainder of his life. He was an energetic man, always busy at something. He enjoyed making toys for his grandchildren, such as swings, doll beds, nursery chairs, and cupboards. I will always remember the white picket fences, so neat and orderly, which surrounded his garden and his yard.

Later in life he fell from a wagon and hurt quite seriously. He was ill for quite awhile. His back was injured and he received a head injury. He lost his hearing in his left ear at this time and was partially deaf in his right ear for the rest of his life.

Dad was never very active in the church although he had a love and respect for the gospel, never forgetting the teachings of his youth, he believed it was true but he let the actions of others effect his activity in the church. He held the office of an Elder in the Priesthood. He has always been very thoughtful and considerate of the sick. Many times he spent all night with the sick and the dying. He was a compassionate man. He had a great love of children, he enjoyed holding them and rocking them to sleep.

He was active until the day he was taken to the hospital, he did his chores

the morning he was taken to the hospital in Salt Lake City, where he died  
12 April 1963. <sup>at age 86</sup> He was buried in Midway, Wasatch Co. Utah close to the very  
spot he was born.

## THE DREAM

A dream related to Betty Lue N. Orgill by her father, Perry D. North, January 1961.

A dream, which I feel is an answer to a promise made to me in my Patriarchal blessing, given 13 Feb. 19 . by Patriarch William Daybell, in the Charleston Ward, Wasatch Stake, Utah. The blessing which includes distinctly the passage that promises: "You will live to see wonders flying in the midst of the heavens and dig hidden treasures from the earth." Because I was naive about such things I concluded this would be angels flying in the heavens and material wealth dug from mines. Since then I have been content to think that the huge planes and rockets which fly constantly in the heavens could be the miracles I would see and never dream of at the time I received the blessing. The blessing did not say what the wonders would be and I am content to believe it is these. But, I do not know, unless the following experience explains what the hidden treasures would be for I have never had any silver or gold or anything else of appreciable value that has been dug from the ground.

I owned a beautiful white team of horses I was very fond and proud of. Sister Whiting was President of the Relief Society and one Sunday as she came from Sunday School she spoke to me about driving them on a float for the Fourth of July parade, depicting the Goddess of Liberty. I told her I must drive them, as one of them required special attention and not everyone could handle them. She agreed saying that was fine. I washed and curried and prepared them special for this day and they did look splendid. One fellow who saw the float was so impressed with the beauty of it, he asked me to drive it to Heber to show the folks there and I did.

Months later, before the birth of Max, 25 April 1923, I dreamed this dream in which these same horses seemed to play a part.

Early one morning I was awakened by Lula, my wife, crying out in her sleep. As we both drifted back to sleep for the remainder of the night, I dreamed I was driving these horses along a lonely road with no houses for miles around. It seemed the horses were so exceedingly white that I found myself admiring them as I rode along. All of a sudden I was prompted to turn and there was a man standing in back of me riding in the wagon. I invited him to sit in the seat with me, but he declined, saying he was not going far. At this time I saw a mound of dirt at the side of the road and pulled the horses to a stop. The stranger asked what I was going to do and I told him I was going to see what was in it. He said, "I'll get out with you too." So we both got out and walked over to the mound and I picked up a stick and dug in the dirt. There as I dug I found an old pocketbook partially decayed but still fastened securely together. I opened it and there I found two silver dollars cemented evenly together, and as I tried to pry them apart the stranger asked what I was going to do with them, and I said I was trying to separate them so I could give one to him and the stranger said, "No, don't open them. You keep them." And thus ended the dream.

The dream, itself, was unimpressive and in the days that followed was forgotten entirely until the events that followed made it important to me.

Sometime later I was actually driving this same team of horses along the road from Charleston to Heber. I had driven this same way many times before and never before noticed any mound of dirt. On this particular day I was alone in the wagon and as I glanced about my eyes fell upon this mound of earth I had first seen in my dream. Immediately I pulled the horses to a stop, reflecting instantly upon the dream I had dreamed and remembering it in every detail, as the circumstances were remarkably the same. Curiosity made me proceed as I had done in the dream to explore the mound. If I had found



the the pocket-book and the dollars as I have related before, I should not have been surprised; however, there in front of me lay the Doctrine and Covenants and the Pearl of Great Price--two books--in one leather binding. The book was partially decayed, not bad, just about the same condition the pocket-book had been--at any rate it had lain there for some time.

I should never have found the mound of dirt and the books had I not had this dream and observed the spot described herein. To me this appears to fulfill the promises of the patriarchal blessing that I should see wonders flying in the heavens and dig hidden treasures from the earth. For what greater treasures are there on earth today than the plan of salvation and the way to eternal life described so fully in these precious books.

When I opened the book I could still read part of the writing and searched for seventeen years to find the man who owned it. I had determined from the writings that the man who owned it was a returned missionary who had labored in Oakland, California. Then one day, as I passed a group of men the street in Heber Utah, I heard one of them mention this mans name. Upon talking to him I was able to locate the man whose name was David G. Simmons, and returned the book to him. He was very happy to receive it as his mother had given it to him before he went on his mission and he prized it because she had since died. He said that he had always wondered what had happened to the book. He said that only once had he passed that way and that it had been many years before.